

Clarksburg



Telegram.

Devoted to Practical Information, Home News, Pure Politics, and the Development of West Virginia's Resources

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CLARKSBURG, W. VA., NOVEMBER 8, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 1810

OH MY!

The Old Coon is Just
as High up as He
can Get.

REPUBLICANS

Take Everything In
Sight.

Democrats Carried

Only Two States On
Tuesday.

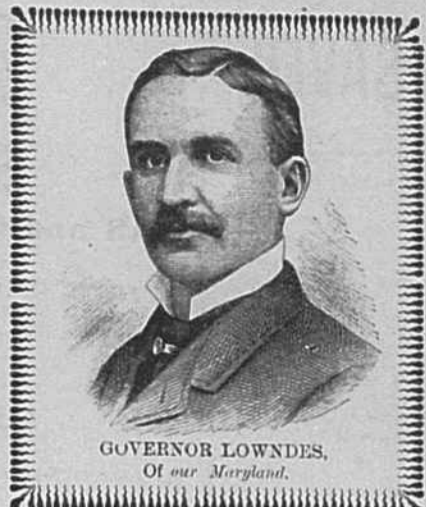
The People

Are Aroused as Never
Before.

Going Back

to Protection, and
Everlasting Glory.

Great Caesar Even

Maryland & Kentucky
Are Wrested From
the Solid South.The Republican victories of
Tuesday surprised even the
sanguine Republicans. The
results given below are taken
from the leading Democratic pa-
pers. Of course Republican pa-
pers are naming larger major-
ities, but the TELEGRAM readers
probably be better satisfied
with the admissions of our
Democratic friends. The Wheel-
ing Register (Thursday) says:
The indications to-night are
that Ohio will give Bushnell, Re-
publican for Governor, about
100,000 plurality, while the legis-
lature is overwhelmingly Repub-
lican. This sends Foraker to
the U. S. Senate and McKinley—
The Register concedes
Maryland and New
Jersey to the Republicans by
large majorities.
The Cincinnati Post (Dem) says
the Republican majority in
Kentucky for Bradley for Gover-
nor will probably reach 15,000,
and that the lower house of the
legislature is Republican. It is
certain that the Republi-
cans have elected the entire
ticket in Kentucky.
The New York World says the
Republicans have carried New
State by fully 75,000 and
both branches of the legis-
lature by large majorities. NewGOVERNOR LOWNDES,
Of our Maryland.

York City, however, goes Demo-
cratic by from twenty to thirty
thousand as a result of the great
fight made by Tammany. This
places Tammany Hall in power
in New York city.

Maryland Republicans elect
Lowndes by about 20,000 and
the whole State ticket by smaller
majorities. The Maryland legis-
lature is Republican by fully 30,
and our Maryland will elect a
Republican to the U. S. Senate.

New Jersey elects Gigg, Re-
publican, governor by about 15,
000; Legislature, Republicans
33, Democrats 21. Hurrah for
New Jersey.

Massachusetts Republicans
elect Greenhalge governor to the
tune of 20,000.

Pennsylvania goes 150,000 Re-
publican.

The new State of Utah comes
up for the first time and is chris-
tened Republican and immersed in
the Jordan of Protection.

The Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem)
gives Gen. Frances M. Drake
80,000 plurality for Governor of
Iowa. Legislature overwhelm-
ingly Republican in Iowa.

Virginia only voted on the leg-
islative ticket and the New York
World concedes that she has lost
several Democratic members.

Kansas elects her Republican
Chief Justice, David Martin by a
nearly margin.

Nebraska is all right and Re-
publican by 14,000 for Norval for
Supreme Court

An increase of over \$5,000,000
in the public debt in October was
a good excuse for not voting the
Democratic ticket in November.

A Republican tidal wave has
again Waterlooded the Democratic
party into total obscurity.

There is one consolation which
the Democratic masses can rely
upon as solace in 1896, and that is
Texas.

Jimmie Campbell in Ohio has
gone where the woodbine twined
and Hurst, of Maryland has been
buried beneath a fathomless bal-
lot by progressive voters.



REPUBLICAN.
Kentucky by 12,000
Maryland by 20,000
Majorities.

Henry H. Holmes, the great
insurance swindler and murderer,
was convicted of the murder of
Benjamin F. Pitel at Philadel-
phia last Saturday.

West Virginia congratulates
Maryland on her redemption
from bossism and Gormanism.

She congratulates Maryland
that the sober, sound judgment
of her people, turned to the gal-
lant son of West Virginia, Hon.
Lloyd Lowndes, under whose
leadership she triumphantly
broke the shackles that had, for
a third of a century, bound her
in serfdom. All honor to the
men who have declared for a bet-
ter and grander standard of
American manhood. Clarksburg
and all West Virginia congratu-
lates Governor Lloyd Lowndes.

There was really something of
a war scare in Europe at the close
of last week, although there is
little or no evidence that it pen-
etrated to the foreign offices of
the various governments. The scare,
as observed in the newspapers
and among the people, was caused
by the report that Russia and
China had concluded a treaty by
which exceedingly important
concessions had been made by
China to Russia. The latest dis-
patches discredit the story to an
extent that leaves but little
ground for alarm.

In the death of Eugene Field
the country loses a well known
and popular writer, whose rep-
utation was made almost entirely
by work done for newspapers.
This implies that in his time he
played many parts, covering the
whole range of literary and tasks
of quick perception and facility
of expression. He was employ-
ed at different times in St. Louis,
St. Joseph, Kansas City, Denver
and Chicago, and was in the
true sense of the words a prod-
uct of the West.

Hardly a day passes that does
not bring reports of fresh attacks
and outrages by Turks upon
Armenians. In some cases the
Armenians are alleged to have
been the aggressors, but it is
usually represented that the
Turkish attacks are simply cold
blooded massacres. From Con-
stantinople comes the report that
the Sultan has been completely
terrified by threats of assassina-
tion and by the discovery of plots
within the palace, and keeps him-
self in strict seclusion; and that
the Turkish army is ripe for re-
volt.

Not long before his death the
poet Longfellow told Ezekiah
Butterworth one evening in his
library how he came to write
"The Psalm of Life," "The
Bridge," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha,"
"The old Clock on the Stairs,"
and some of his other great
poems. Mr. Butterworth has
now embodied the evening's talk
in an article on "How Longfel-
low Wrote His Best-Known
Poems," which the Ladies' Home
Journal will publish in its next
number.

Democrats now concede two U.
S. Senators from Utah to the
Republicans.

ATLANTA.

THE GREAT ANNUAL EXCUR-
SION OF THE WEST VIR-
GINIA EDITORIAL AS-
SOCIATION.A Delightful Visit to Washing-
ton Followed by a Trip
Through the Sunny South
to the Big Cotton States Ex-
position.

The Editors Royally Entertained.



EBBITT House!
"This car for the Ebbitt"
shouted the porter as the
West Virginia newspaper men
and their ladies hurried from
the coaches of the splendid B.

& O. express that had safely
landed them in the depot at
Washington, D. C., last Tuesday
morning. At the Ebbitt a tempt-
ing breakfast awaited the hongry
pen wielders. After breakfast,
a conference is called in the mag-
nificent parlors of the hotel and
the president of the Association
explains the plan, of what was
to prove one of the most delight-
ful excursions ever taken by the
West Virginia editors. All the
officers of the Association an-
swered to the roll call: Stuart F.
F. Reed, of the TELEGRAM, Presi-
dent; E. Finley Kitson, of the
Times Republican, vice-Presi-
dent; Harry Snyder, of the
Shepherdstown Register, Secre-
tary and W. H. Morgan, of the
Morgantown Post, Treasurer.
The entire party numbered sev-
enty-five, all of whom enrolled
for the excursion to Atlanta
which was to leave on the follow-
ing morning (Wednesday).

The day was pleasantly spent
in viewing the many historic
places in and about the National
Capitol. An excursion to Mt.
Vernon, the home of the immor-
tal Washington, was much enjoy-
ed. The tomb of Washington,
the delightful old home and its
furniture, all were viewed with
intense interest by those who
were visiting the capital for the
first time. There were so many
places to go in Washington that
it was impossible to visit every-
thing in one day. So it was de-
cided to divide the party and let
each party decide what particu-
lar points they would visit.

Postmaster-General William L.
Wilson and Commissioner of Int.
Revenue, Joseph Miller, both
being West Virginians, were real
kind and showed the excursion-
ists through several public build-
ings. While in the vaults of the
U. S. Treasury a solemn looking
country editor was noticed brac-
ing his back against a huge cage
containing the sacred gold re-
serve. On being asked what he
meant he said that he "merely
wanted to feel for once in his life
that he was 'backed' by one
hundred millions of dollars."

There were visits to the art
galleries, the Smithsonian Insti-
tute and the wonderful National
Museum. The great capitol
building was thoroughly investi-
gated and the White House was
vigorously besieged. Mr. Cleve-
land tried to escape and the guard
insisted that the hours for call-
ing were past. But the enthusi-
astic West Virginians would not
have it. Mrs. Mansfield, the
popular wife of editor W. L.
Mansfield, of the Wayne News,
said she had come to see the
President and she did not intend
to be disappointed. Her charm-
ing personality, aided by her de-
termination, finally won and she
reached the President's office.
Mr. Cleveland was extremely

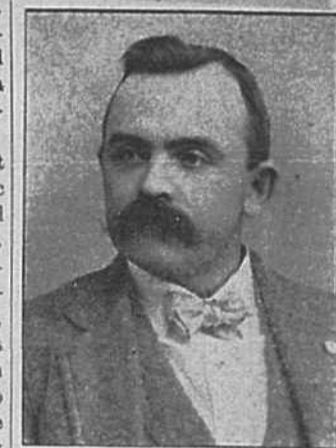
nice, leaving his work and show-
ing the ladies over the house, al-
lowing them to rock Ruth's crad-
le and peep into Mrs. Cleve-
land's china closet. He was sorry
that Mrs. Cleveland was away,
but was glad to have them come
to see him. He was very busy
and good naturedly slapped one
of the ladies on the back, telling
her few people ever imagined
how great were the burdens rest-
ing upon the shoulders of the
President of the United States.

Supper at the Ebbitt was in-
deed a banquet. The tables were
decorated with rare and beauti-
ful flowers and the orchestra
rendered enchanting music while
the meal was being served. The
menu below will give some idea
of this banquet:

THE EBBITT HOUSE MENU.

Little Neck Clams, Mock Turtle,
Imperial.
Vegetables of all kinds,
Outlets of Lake Trout, Tomato Sauce,
Potatoes Parisienne.
Corned Pork with Turnips, Sugar Cured
with Cabbage.
Sweet Bread Braised with Peas.
Reed Birds on Toast, Peach Charlotte,
Maryland Style.
Domestic Duck, Stuffed, Spring Lamb,
Mint Sauce, Ribs of Prime Beef,
Roman Punch.
Potato Salad, Plain or Dressed Lettuce,
Chicken Salad, Tongue, Ham,
Mutton, Rib Beef.
Boiled Potatoes, Mashed Potatoes, Boil-
ed Hominy, Boiled Rice, Blood
Beets, Hubbard Squash,
Green Corn, Sweet Potatoes, Green
Peas, Baked Indian Pudding,
Brandy Sauce, Squash Pie,
Apricot Pie, Citron Cake, Assorted
Cake, Macaroons, Ice Cream,
Champagne Jelly.
Assorted Tropical Fruits, Raisins, As-
sorted Nuts, Water Crackers,
English Dairy Cheese, Coffee, etc.

After supper the two theatre
parties were organized, one crowd



E. F. KITSON, Vice-President.

going to hear Creston Clark at
the LaFayette Square in the
"Fool's Revenge" and another
to the new National to see Froh-
man's Great Empire Company in
the "Masqueraders." These cour-
tesies were extended free to the
editors, the arrangements hav-
ing all been made before hand.

A night's repose and every-
body is up refreshed and ready
for the start to Atlanta. All are
at the Grand Depot by 11 a. m.
Wednesday. Mr. L. S. Brown,
the efficient agent of the passen-
ger department of the great
Southern Railway is there looking
after the tourists, seeing that the
train is properly made up and
wishing every one a pleasant
trip. The crowd makes quite a
respectable showing. The souve-
nir badge worn by the delegates
was pronounced beautiful by
all critics. It was of white satin
2 1/2 x 9 inches with gold leaf letter-
ing "WEST VIRGINIA EDITORIAL
ASSOCIATION, ANNUAL EXCUR-
SION TO ATLANTA EXPOSITION,
1895." The ribbon was attached
above to a white enamel plate
with gold plate rim, on which
appeared the word MEMBER.
The lower part terminated in a
gold belt and deep golden wire
fringe.

The announcement that the
train is ready causes a little rush
and a hurried scamper for the
coaches. It is a magnificent train.
The coaches are of rare wood
and fine carving. There are rich

tapestries, soft carpets, glisten-
ing mirrors, dressing rooms and
dining arrangements. The
bell rings, and the train
glides away—out of the city,
across the historic Potomac and
on past beautiful Arlington,
where sleeps many of our Na-
tion's greatest heroes. Through
the old plantations of Virginia,
the traveling palaces follow the
puffing iron horse. At Manassas
some veteran Confederate soldier
is reminded of the great Civil
War and tells a story of the ter-
rible battle. Culpeper is passed
and then comes Charlottesville
where the famous University of
Virginia was so nearly destroyed
by fire only a few days before.
It is likewise an historic spot and
the tide of conversation drifts to
Monticello and the sage whose
pen drafted the Declaration of
Independence. We little think
of the passing hours until some
one looks from the car window
and exclaims, "what a beautiful
river." Ah! Let everybody look.
It is the picturesque James. The
story of Captain John Smith and
the tender hearted Pocahontas is
again related and a memory of a
picture in some old time school
history carries one back to sweet,
careless childhood.

The Southern Railway follows
close the base of the great Ap-
palachian chain of Mountains
and for many miles can be seen
the vast forests, now adorned in
the radiant habiliments of Autumn
—the pines green, the others red,
brown and golden.

On the one side, we see the
majestic peaks of the Alleghenies
while a view from our car win-
dow on the East presents a roll-
ing landscape that extends to
meet the great Atlantic Ocean.

Adieu, dear old mother Vir-
ginia. We are crossing North
Carolina. At first we fail to
notice any change in the appear-
ance of the country, and not until
we look out over the cotton fields
do we begin to realize that we
are flying through Dixie. Salis-
bury, the famous prison city is
reached and a wreck ahead of us
causes a delay of nearly three
hours. The editors are glad to
get a breathing spell on terra
firma, and soon they have soaked
about the train a crowd of Caro-
lina negroes whose songs and
dances furnish amusement for
everybody.

The moon has risen above the
old plantations of South Carolina
and some members of the party
are sleeping—perhaps dreaming
of the poet's song of the "Pal-
metto and the Pine," but others
are making the smoking room
resound with song and laughter.
We are no longer in South Caroli-
na, but have penetrated far into
Georgia. The train stops and
the conductor announces "Suwa-
nee." No one gets off, but the
song changes from "Dixie" to
"Way down upon de Suwanee
River" and every body joins the
chorus. Daylight dawns, ever-
body is up and many are count-
ing the minutes until the train
reaches Atlanta the metropolis
of the South. It is not long un-
til a cry of surprise and delight
announces that something has
occurred; voices exclaiming "The
exposition!" "The exposition!"
tells what is up, and sure enough
the train is passing right along
by the BIG FAIR. We are not
disappointed. The scene that
meets the eye is one of splendor
—a gorgeous panorama such as
has never before been excelled in
America except by the World's
Fair in '93. Space will not per-
mit a description of the many
buildings or exhibits in this arti-
cle. The landscape effect is that
of a natural amphitheater in the
centre of which is an artificial
lake, "Clara Meer."

This lake with its bridge, its
(Continued on Fourth page.)